



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

soldiers who shared with him the dangers of a seven years' war.

He did not, like Charles the fifth, retire from the theatre of public life, to immerse himself in the walls of a cloister, but to promote the useful arts, and practise those virtues which adorn the man and the citizen.

He regarded agriculture as the basis on which rests the prosperity and happiness of a nation, and considered it his duty, as it was his pleasure, to become a farmer. The cultivation of a large tract of land, the rearing of cattle, the art of improved husbandry, occupied much of his time; no hour passed in inactivity. He rose at an early hour, and spent the day in observing the task of manual labour, in reading, or conversation with intelligent men. In summer the fields are covered with waving corn, the sound of cattle is heard in the woods, orchards of wholesome fruit surround the spot where Washington spent the evening of his days.

Here a circumstance presents itself, which cannot be overlooked. While he was in office, letters were published, said to be intercepted, addressed to his wife and friends; dressed in a plausible garb, every art was employed to make them appear genuine, and thus tarnish his courage and his fame. The dignity of his situation would not stoop to a defence. Secure in virtue, Fabricius-like, he stands on his own ground, and lends a deaf ear to the clamours of prejudice. As soon, however, as he found himself in retirement, as a mere farmer and simple citizen, he convinces the world that the letters are not genuine, silences every breath of suspicion; and calumny at last joins in the burst of general praise.

This benefactor of mankind, although his manners bordered on coldness and reserve, was above resentment: malice itself could not charge his conversation with vanity. If a stranger to the finer feeling, he was ever ready for the exercise of the useful virtues, for removing or mitigating distress. The honest man never solicited his succour in vain.

He was seized with an inflammatory sore throat (cynanche trachealis), and after an illness of twenty-four hours, he terminated his mortal existence, in the sixty-eighth year of his age (15th February, 1799, 24th year of American independence). Having confidence in God, and cherishing the hope of immortality, he looked forward without fear, not a symptom of impatience or of murmur was observed. The consciousness of virtue

was the vital air, which, in his last moments, spread a serenity over his soul.

You have seen...you have felt the burst of sorrow which his death has created. His was like the death of an illustrious Roman, no one in hearing it showed any joy...no one forgets that he is no more. The scholar resigns the amusement of vacation, and gives vent to sorrow. The aged appear to endure the severest stroke of adverse fortune, and the young, the pangs of the most disastrous love.

As Plato thanked Heaven that he was born in the time of Socrates, so we ought to be grateful that we live in the time of this great hero, and breathe the free air of this fortunate land.

If, in heaven, spirits recognize each other; if, there, memory still recalls the scenes of this world, what would it be to associate with a Washington! Until then, may the sharers in his earthly glory reflect lustre on his memory, by imitating his example. The spirit of Washington will smile, from heaven, on his countrymen, bowing before the altar of celestial peace.

The fame of this great man will be transmitted from son to son through distant years, though the verse of the muse should be lost, though the monuments, erected to his memory, be covered with moss.

While suns warm, and oceans roll, this benefactor of the human race shall never be forgotten.

"For if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

SKETCH OF BENSERADE,

THE FRENCH POET.

NOBODY perhaps ever had a quicker wit than the person of whom we are about to speak: this vivacity which broke forth in the first years of his infancy, continue without failing to the end of his life.

Isaac De Benserade was born at Lions, a city of Normandy, near Rouen. His father was grand master of the waters and forests, and we have also been informed that one of his ancestors has been chamberlain to one of our kings, and governor of the castle of Milan. By the mother's side, he was allied to the families of Vignerot and De la Porte. This descent, united with the liveliness of his wit, admitted him to a familiarity with the greatest noblemen of the court, by whom he was tenderly beloved, and who were no less anxious to gain his friendship than he was to pay attention to them.

The day before he was to be confirmed he was introduced to the bishop who was

to perform this office. This prelate, observing that he was very lively for his age (for he was then but six or seven years old) and knowing that his name was Isaac, a name at that time very common among the Hugonots, of which sect his father had been long a member, asked him if he would not change his name. "What will you give me in return?" said the little Benserade. "We give nothing," replied the bishop, "in exchange for a name." "Then," said he, "I will keep my own." "You are in the right, my child," said the bishop, smiling, "for, whatever be your name, you will know how to make it valuable."

On leaving the university he composed three or four dramatic pieces which succeeded; among these were *Iphis and Iauthe*, and *Mark-Antony*. Cardinal Richelieu, who had a high esteem for him, took care of his interests, and the queen's mother gave him a pension of 3000 livres. He attached himself to admiral de Breze, whom he followed in all his expeditions. After the death of his patron he returned to court, where he shone brighter than ever.

Though he lived, as has been already stated, on terms of the greatest familiarity, with the first noblemen in the kingdom, he conducted himself towards them with the greatest circumspection. "You are astonished," he used to say to his friends, "to see how I speak to the highest Lords, but be assured that I am always on my guard with them, and that no one is more cautious than I in observing my distance when I converse with them. They are lions who are always endeavouring to entrap me by their affected caresses. They would be delighted if I let slip an expression too familiar, that they might have the pleasure of giving me a rap with their paw; but thank God, I have not yet afforded them this amusement."

He was well made, and of a graceful mien; very genteel and gallant, which last quality he preserved to old age without appearing ridiculous. His poems have for more than forty years afforded amusement to the court and all France; but more particularly, during the King's youth, when he composed the much admired verses for the ballets which the king gave every winter. These verses were of a new kind which he had the honour of inventing. Before his time, the words of the ballet only alluded to the characters which were introduced, and not at all the persons by whom they were performed. Benserade had the ingenuity to render his verses applicable to both; and as the king sometimes

performed the character of Jupiter, Sometimes of Mars, or Neptune, or the Sun, nothing could be more pleasing or elegant than the delicacy of the praises which he bestowed on him without addressing him in person. The words are literally applied to the character, but figuratively to the actor; this caused a double pleasure, by furnishing the understanding with two thoughts at once, each beautiful in itself, but receiving double grace by their union. In the same manner, he wrote of all the lords and ladies of the court who took part in these ballets with the king. Their merits, their talents, sometimes even their gallantries were touched on with such delicacy, that they were often the first to raise the laugh against themselves.

His other compositions are no less original. He has imitated nobody. The graces with which they are enlivened, are perfectly new, and have no model, even in the most polished writers of Greece and Rome. Cardinal Mazarin put a high value on his verses, and often said, that in his youth he himself had composed some which resembled those of Benserade. He gave him a pension of 2000 livres; and afterwards, a second of 1000 crowns, from the Abbey of St. Eloy.

He once sent a lady of quality a paraphrase of the book of Job, accompanied with a sonnet which made much noise at the time; it ended with the following verses:

S'il souffrit maux incroyables
Il s'en plaignait, il en parla;
J'en connois de plus miserables.

Tho' grievous were the prophet's woes,
The pains he felt he might disclose;
Condemned my sorrows to confine,
How much severer woes are mine.

As this sonnet was very much praised, those who envied his fame pretended, that it was not equal to a sonnet of Voiture, which had been composed by him for a lady, to whom he gave the name of Urania. All Paris took part in this dispute; they formed two factions, of which, that of Benserade was called the *Jobelins*, that of Voiture, the *Uranians*. The question was never decided; and they only agreed thus far, that if Voiture's sonnet was more beautiful in the opinion of some, Benserade's was more gallant in the opinion of every one.

He translated the whole of Ovid's *Metamorphosis* into *rondeaux*, many of which are extremely beautiful. Each *rondeau* contains the subject of a fable, together with a very ingenious and pleasing moral.

The king was at the expence of all the engravings which adorned this work; they were very fine and numerous. The richness and selection of rhymes, both in these rondeaux and in all his writings is astonishing. No one has excelled him in this part of poetry. He also composed several books of devotion; among others, the Of-

fice of the Virgin, many Prayers, and all the Psalms of David.

He died at Paris, October 16th, 1691, at the age of 78 years, with all the piety of a true christian; after having suffered exquisite pain from a nephritic complaint with which he was long troubled, and which at length brought him to the grave.

DETACHED ANECDOTES, &c.

JEAN RACINE.

THIS poet was buried at Port Royal des Champs, where he was carried the day after his death, according to the directions of his will, which contained but one clause, expressed in the following words: "I desire, that after my death, my body be carried to port Royal des Champs, and buried in the cemetery at the foot of M. Hamont. I humbly entreat the mother abbess and the nuns to grant me this honour, altho' I acknowledge I am wholly unworthy of it, both on account of the irregularities of my past life, and the bad use I have made of the excellent education I formerly received in this house, and the great examples of piety and repentance I have here seen, of which I have been but an empty admirer. But the more I have offended God, the more do I stand in need of the prayers of so holy a society, to procure his mercy."

IMPROMPTU BY THE SULTAN AKBER.

This prince, whose mild and beneficent policy is still the theme of applause to Mussulman and Hindoo, when engaged in hostilities with a neighbouring prince, directed a brave but bigoted Rajeput, to conduct a body of troops across the Attoc. This river, as its name indicates, is the bar or limit which no Hindoo must pass: the Rajeput therefore represented the impossibility of his compliance with the Sultan's order. To this excuse, Akber replied in the following extempore verse:

O'er every land great Rama reigns;
What bar then shall our steps controul;
That bar eternally remains

Which circumscribes the narrow soul.

SANTEUIL.

Some person was so ill-bred as to complain in the presence of this poet, that he had been cheated by a monk. The company present expected he would have received a sharp reprimand for such an attack upon Santeuil's profession. He, however, only assumed a serious look, and asked this person aggrieved, how long he

had been at Paris? "Many years," answered the other. "Then you are not entitled to any pity," replied Santeuil with equal gravity. "The man who has lived many years in a city abounding with monks, and is cheated by them, deserves no compassion. While you live, Sir, let me advise you to beware of four things; of a woman before, of a mule behind, of a cat sideways, and of a monk every way."

MONTESQUIEU.

Dassier, an artist, celebrated for cutting medals, went from London to Paris to engrave that of the author of the Spirit of Laws; but Montesquieu, through modesty, always declined sitting to him. At length, the artist said to him one day, "do not you think there is more pride in refusing, than acceding to my request." Disarmed by this pleasantry, Montesquieu immediately yielded.

TURENNE.

TURENNE once remarked that an officer of distinguished merit, but poor, was very ill mounted. He invited him to dinner, and after the repast was over, took him aside, and in a very friendly manner said to him: I have a favour to beg of you; which perhaps you will think somewhat too bold; but I hope you will not refuse a request made by your general. I am now old and somewhat unheathy. Swift horses fatigue me; but I observe you have one that I think will suit me. If I thought it would not be too great a sacrifice for you to make, I would request it of you." The officer replied by a low bow, and immediately brought the horse to the general's stables. Turenne, the next day, sent him one of the finest and best horses in the army.

EXTRAORDINARY GOOD FORTUNE.

When Pope Sextus the fifth, heard that Elizabeth, queen of England, had beheaded her rival, the queen of Scotland, he cried out in a kind of enthusiastic frenzy, "What a lucky woman to taste the delight of striking off a crowned head."

CROPS.

General Wolf was remarkable for very